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Roberts' Series of Original Dramas.

Mum's the Word,

OR

See Everything and Say Nothing.

A FARCE IN ONE ACT.

SUITABLE FOR PRIVATE ENTERTAINMENTS.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY CHARLES C. ROBERTS
24 CONGRESS STREET.
1868.

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3650

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District of Massachusetts.

MUM'S THE WORD;

OR

See Everything and say Nothing.

CHARACTERS.

CAPT. SUNNYSIDE.—A Police Commissioner.

EPH. GUZZLE, }
SAM. SWIGG, } a pair of Constables.

ENTERPRISE EDES.—Keeper of the "Rising Moon" Hotel.

EUGENE HOFFMAN.—A fast young man.

PAT. MCGONAGLE.—An Irish laborer.

KATE HOGAN.—Keeper of a low groggery.

TIME :—The present day.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION :—Forty-five minutes.

COSTUMES;

Capt. Sunnyside,—Neat citizen's dress.

Guzzle, }
Swigg, } Plain citizen's dress.

Edes,—Genteel suit, white cravat.

Hoffman,—Stylish suit.

McGonagle,—Overalls and coarse coat, with slouched hat.

Kate Hogan,—Coarse gown, frilled cap with no head covering and thick shoes.

SCENE I.—Room in the Commissioner's Office.

SCENE II.—Street.

SCENE III.—Room at the "Rising Moon" Hotel.

SCENE IV.—A Street.

SCENE V.—Room in the Commissioner's Office.

SCENE I.

(*A Room, the headquarters of the Police Commissioner ;—a table with books and papers. Capt. Sunnyside, Eph Guzzle and Sam Swigg discovered.*)

CAPT. S. Now, gentlemen, having been inducted into the responsible and important office of State Constables, it is expected that you will perform your duties in a faithful, prompt and impartial manner. You are to have no preferences in this matter, but are to act impartially with friends and foes. A public officer, gentlemen, should be incorruptible, above bribe or bias, and so far as I am concerned I am determined to execute the duties of my office faithfully, and do by others as I would like to be done by in like circumstances. Mr. Guzzle, this paper (*hands paper,*) will define your duties, and prescribe your district. Mr. Swigg, here is a similar paper for you. (*Hands paper.*) I trust that both of you, gentlemen, will be attentive to your duties, and don't fail to report to me every violation of law. (*Exit Guzzle and Swigg.*) It was very proper to give these instructions to my men, but after all this business must be managed with a great deal of tact and shrewdness. As there are grades in crime, so also are there grades in criminals, and although I counsel my men to show no partiality at all, I shall treat cases according to circumstances. (*A knock without.*) Come in. (*Enter Enterprise Edes. Sunnyside rises and goes to him to shake hands.*) Excuse me, Mr. Edes, for the uncereemonious manner in which I called to you to enter ; had I known it was you I should have been more civil.

EDES. Oh, don't mention it, Capt. Sunnyside ; in matters of business we can't always afford the time to be very formal.

CAPT. S. I know, Mr. Edes ; but still there are gentlemen in our community with whom we are brought into official contact, for whom we entertain feelings of regard, and to whom we desire to show some little courtesy.

EDES. I have found you so universally polite in your official duties, Captain, that no apology whatever is necessary.

CAPT. S. Pray be seated. (*Both sit on opposite sides of the table.*) You will of course excuse the note I sent you, requesting you to call at my office. I am obliged to keep up a *show of duty* towards respectable gentlemen in your line of business, in order to stop the mouths of a certain class who are continually croaking about enforcing the law. Now, Mr. Edes, I have a contemptible opinion of that man who will swear to discharge the duties of the office which he assumes, and then neglects to do so, or if he does his duty, to do it only in a partial manner.

EDES. I agree with you perfectly, Capt. Sunnyside, and think that such an official is beneath contempt.

CAPT. S. We agree perfectly, Mr. Edes. Perhaps we had better proceed at once to business, for fear that we may be interrupted.

EDES. Certainly, if you please.

CAPT. S. Did you find time to answer those interrogatories which I submitted to you in my note?

EDES. Most certainly, Captain; your commands are law with me. Not wishing to trust my memory I have committed them to paper. Do me the honor. (*Hands paper to Sunnyside who peruses it. While he is doing so Edes takes a bill from his pocket-book and lays it a little slyly upon the table.*) I hope, Captain, that you find the answers satisfactory.

CAPT. S. I do, sir, quite.

EDES. (*Picking up the bank bill and presenting it.*) Excuse me, Capt. Sunnyside, I believe you have dropped an answer to one of the interrogatories.

CAPT. S. (*Receiving and pocketing the bill.*) Thank you, sir; this did indeed slip my observation. As I just remarked, sir, your answers are perfectly satisfactory, and I will file them with other official documents.

EDES. Do me the favor of a call, Captain, when you are in my neighborhood upon official business; I should

be happy to see you ; in my little back parlor you will be entirely free from all observation. You will meet no one, except some few government officials, and you know *they* are all right.

CAPT. S. Yes, certainly ; I understand. (*Both rise and come down.*) By the way, Mr. Edes, if any of my officials should prove annoying to you do me the favor to report them to me.

EDES. I will, Captain. Then I am to go on as I have done ?

CAPT. S. Precisely, but be sure and keep up that sign, "*Positively no liquors sold here.*" You understand about that. (*A knock.*) We are disturbed. Come in. (*Enter Kate Hogan.*) Set down there. (*Aside to Edes.*) I must change my appearance towards you in order to deceive this woman. (*Aloud to Edes.*) I can't grant you any privileges, Mr. Edes, that the law does not sanction. My orders are strict, and must be executed.

KATE. (*Aside.*) It's a mighty small chance for any justice I'll get here, by my troth.

EDES. Very well, Captain, I think I understand you, and I will endeavor to follow your injunctions.

CAPT. S. (*Aside.*) That's right, keep it up. (*Aloud.*) It matters not to me whether parties are rich or poor, I serve all alike.

KATE. (*Aside.*) Good for you, old feller ; by St. Pathrick you're a jewel.

EDES. (*Preparing to exit.*) Very well, Capt. Sunnyside, I certainly approve of the impartial manner in which you execute the law. Good day, Captain.

CAPT. S. Good day, sir, and please remember this : "*Positively no liquors sold here.*"

EDES. I shall remember. Good day. (*Exit.*)

CAPT. S. (*Retires to table and sits.*) Well, woman, what is your name ?

KATE. Kate Hogan, sir; I'm a poor lone widder that lives down fornist the market house, and tries to get an honest living.

CAPT. S. You keep a miserable, low groggery, so I'm told.

KATE. Oh, mother of Moses; and who told you that?

CAPT. S. We are not in the habit of informing people where we get our information.

KATE. Faith, I'd like to pound the head of the chap that tould ye that lie.

CAPT. S. Look at me, Kate Hogan.

KATE. I'm looking at ye, sir.

CAPT. S. Do you mean to say that you do not keep a liquor shop?

KATE. The devil a taste. I only keeps a little beer with my other groceries. I'd scorn to do the likes. I belongs to the timperance s'ciety, and doesn't drink a drop only when the doctor orders me to take a little whiskey for my stomach.

CAPT. S. I am told, Mrs. Hogan, that you keep liquor to sell in your place, and that persons have been seen coming out of it in a highly intoxicated state.

KATE. Never do you believe a word of that at all. I doesn't keep a drop of liquor, only a small private bottle for medicine, according to the doctor's orders.

CAPT. S. I very much doubt the truth of your statement, and I warn you to be on your guard; for if you are detected I shall make an example of *you*, as I do of every one else.

KATE. Ah, faith Captain, it's pretty hard to deprive a poor woman of the means of getting an honest living, especially when she has got twins.

CAPT. S. How many children have you?

KATE. Two, Captain ; and they're both twins.

CAPT. S. How old are they ?

KATE. One of them is four year old, and the tother is two year and six months.

CAPT. S. Then one of your twins is older than the other it seems. You have told me an absolute lie, Mrs. Hogan, and if you will lie about your children you will lie about your shop. (*Rises and walks about.*)

KATE. (*Aside.*) Oh, he aint so smart as he thinks he is ; I've got him tight. (*Aloud.*) Will ye let me explain it to ye, Mr. Captain ?

CAPT. S. Explain ? no ! you can't explain ; you've told a downright lie, and you can't reconcile your story with the fact.

KATE. But what I tould ye is the truth.

CAPT. S. You said you had two children.

KATE. True for you ; that's so.

CAPT. S. And that both are twins.

KATE. You've hit it agin ; that's true too.

CAPT. S. And you further said that one was four years old, and the other two years and six months.

KATE. Every word that's come out of your blessed mouth is the truth intirely.

CAPT. S. Now let me tell you, Mrs. Hogan, that the thing is an impossibility ; there is not a word of truth in it.

KATE. Now look here a bit, Mr. Captain, and I'll tell ye all about it. My first two children was twins ; one was Michael and the other Jimmy ; Jimmy died and left me poor Michael. My next two children was twins ; Peter and Patrick ; Peter died and left me Patrick ; so you see my two children are *both twins*. (*Aside.*) Put that in your dudeen and smoke it.

CAPT. S. Ah, that alters the case, Mrs. Hogan.

KATE. In faith I think it does, and every word I've spoken is truth, it is.

CAPT. S. It is not exactly falsehood, Mrs. Hogan, but yet I'm not so clear but that you *intended* to deceive me.

KATE. The divil an intention of the kind at all.

CAPT. S. Very well, let that pass. All I have to say is, that if you sell beer or liquor, you do it at your peril, and must take the consequences if you are found out.—You heard what I said to that gentleman when you came in; I shall execute the law upon all violators whether they be rich or poor.

KATE. (*Rises to go.* Ah, well, it's mighty little justice a poor woman gets in Ameriky at all.

CAPT. S. If you don't like the country you can return to Ireland again; but if you remain here you must obey the laws. Good morning, Mrs. Hogan. (*Shows her to the door.*)

KATE. (*Exits grumbling.*) And its a mighty deal of fuss to be making about a wee drop of ale, and preventing a poor lone woman, with twins, from getting an honest living. (*Exits.*)

CAPT. S. Thank heaven, I'm rid of her; she's a troublesome customer; I don't like these folks that talk so much. (*Looks at watch.*) Ten o'clock! I'll walk down town and see how matters go along, and on my way back drop into the "Rising Moon Hotel" and see how friend Edes is thriving. (*Exit.*)

SCENE II.

(*The Street.*)

(*Enter Guzzle and Swigg opposite sides.*)

GUZ. Ah, Swigg, that you? How is biz?

SWIG. Dull enough, and drier than it is dull.

GUZ. Hav'n't you *tasted* any, to-day ?

SWIG. Tasted ? no ! What's that ?

GUZ. Why, just drop into a place where you see a string of black bottles and tell the proprietor that it is your business to inspect his bottles. Give him a wink, and then commence at the top of the row, and go along down through the whole of them, tasting of each. If you have any doubts about either of them taste over again ; and when you have got through give the proprietor another wink, and tell him you guess "he is all right." Before you leave tell him to put up a sign, "*Positively no liquors sold here.*" Do you take ?

SWIG. Yes, I take the joke, but I never took any liquor on that plan. Guzzle, you are smart, and will make a splendid officer. Now I never should have thought of such a plan. How came you to think of it ?

GUZ. Oh, never you mind. Keep dark and try it on ; it will work you'll find.

SWIG. Blow me if I don't improve the first chance I get. I'll drop into Wiggins' and practice.

GUZ. No use my boy ; I've been there.

SWIG. Well, there's Crump's, Fagan, Jenkins, Loomis, Otis, Rush, and,—and,—

GUZ. No use, Swigg ; I've inspected all their bottles. You must try some other route.

SWIG. Well, never mind ; I'll find some other places for I've no idea of going dry as long as there is enough to be had to wet the whistle.

GUZ. If you do you are a greater fool than I take you to be.

SWIG. Guzzle, you are complimentary. I'll endeavor to improve by your teaching. Have you seen the Captain since this morning ?

GUZ. No ! he never troubles himself about his men

they say ; and I don't suppose he'll trouble himself about us. I have a shrewd suspicion that I could find him about eleven o'clock for instance.

SWIG. Where do you think he'll be ?

GUZ. Do you know where the "Rising Moon Hotel" is ?

SWIG. Yes ; kept by Edes.

GUZ. Exactly. That hotel has a nice retired back parlor.

SWIG. You don't think the Captain would be there, do you ?

GUZ. (*With a twirl of his fingers on his nose.*) Swigg, mum's the word. If you don't want to lose your head, see everything and say nothing.

SWIG. Say no more, Guzzle ; I see the point.

GUZ. A good and faithful officer, Swigg, will sometimes see things without *looking* at them, and other times look at things without *seeing* them. That is just what we are to do.

SWIG. Exactly. For instance, I've seen a good many come out of Edes' place lately confoundedly intoxicated, if I am any judge, and mighty well dressed people too.

GUZ. There's where your'e wrong, Swigg ; *not* intoxicated ; at the most a little elevated. (*With a knowing wink.*)

SWIG. Ah, I understand ; no one comes out of that place drunk, ha ?

GUZ. Never, Swigg, never. There is too much money and influence in that quarter ; it won't do to know anything about that place.

SWIG. All right ! I understand. But that place kept by Kate Hogan is the worst place on my beat. She sells to all that come, so I hear.

GUZ. Is there any noise or disturbance there ?

SWIG. No ! she keeps closed up tight, but I looked into the window by the side of the curtain and saw several persons in there drinking, but they were all quiet.

GUZ. We must make a raid, Swigg, somewhere, and that is a good place to begin. She can't contend, because you know she hasn't got the *tin* to do it with.

SWIG. You think the Captain will like it ?

GUZ. Oh, to be sure ; no matter how many such poor devils we raid upon ; the more the better ; the croakers will like it, and besides it keeps up a show of business you know.

SWIG. (*Twirling his fingers.*) Ah, Guzzle, you're a shrewd one ; you know that two and two make four without anybody's telling you. (*Looks off.*) Hullo, here comes a victim ; who's that ?

GUZ. (*Looks off.*) That ? why that's Hoffman.

SWIG. Then you know him, ha ?

GUZ. Oh, yes ; he's a mighty fast young man ; his father is wealthy, and throws his money around with a perfect looseness, and so does his son.

SWIG. Well, our orders you know, is to arrest all we find drunk, find out where they get their liquor and make a raid.

GUZ. That's so ; but it won't do to arrest him, I can tell you.

SWIG. No ? why not ?

GUZ. Too much money and influence in that quarter. Besides, I have a better reason.

SWIG. And what may that be ?

GUZ. That I'll tell you another time. But here comes the gentleman.

(*Enter Hoffman talkatively drunk.*)

HOF. Gent,—*hic* gents,—how, how'd de do? beau—beau'ful day.

GUZ. (*Taking him by the arm to support him*) Fine day, Mr. Hoffman; been out to dine I guess.

HOF. Mr.,—Mr. *hic*,—what's your name my friend?

GUZ. Guzzle, Guzzle, sir.

HOF. Well,—*hic*, Mr. Guzzle, you're a witch,—*hic*,—I have been to dinner, and the room was thundering strong,—*hic*, and the champagne was devilish hot,—*hic*, no, I mean the room,—*hic*, (*sees Swigg*) hullo! who's your friend?

GUZ. That's Mr. Swigg.

HOF. Swigg,—Swigg,—*hic*, who the devil's Swigg?

GUZ. Oh, he's all right! he's one of us.

SWIG. (*Assents.*) Yes, I'm all right.

HOF. *Hic*, all right, how are you? give us your hand. (*Shakes hands and nearly tumbles down.*) Steady, old fellow; why don't you stand still? How do you 'spect *hic*, a gentleman can shake hands with you if you don't stand still?

GUZ. Which way are you going, Mr. Hoffman?

HOF. *Hic*. I'm standing here, ain't I? that's what I thought. Say, old feller, what o'clock is it? *Hic*.

GUZ. (*Draws his watch.*) Just about eleven.

HOF. (*Looking steadily at the watch.*) Say, old chap, sell me one of those watches; *hic*, you don't need two.

GUZ. There is but *one* watch, Mr. Hoffman.

HOF. *Hic*,—my friend, I don't want to tell you, you lie, because,—*hic*, that wouldn't be pooty; but I can see *two*.

GUZ. Oh, that's an illusion.

HOF. (*Straightening up with mock dignity.*) Do you mean to say that I'm, *hic*, that I,—*hic*, that I'm an illusion?

GUZ. Oh, no; I only mean that you are mistaken.

HOF. *Hic*,—I accept your apology; *hic*, sir, you're a gentleman,—*hic*, give us your hand. (*Shakes hands awkwardly.*) I knew you was a gentleman. Come take a drink!

GUZ. I've just taken one, thank you, Mr. Hoffman; some other time.

HOF. You've—*hic*, you've taken a drink, have you? Well, I'll be hanged if I didn't think so.

GUZ. You did? why so?

HOF. Why, *hic*,—why you're as tight as a peep. Why don't you stand still?

GUZ. Mr. Hoffman, shall I have the pleasure of walking with you as far as your house?

HOF. *Hic*,—I say, old feller,—(*in a lower tone*) do you know me, honest?

GUZ. Oh, very well, Mr. Hoffman.

HOF. Old chap, you're a gentleman. *Hic*,—do you know where I live?

GUZ. Perfectly well, sir.

HOF. *Hic*,—have you ever been there?

GUZ. Several times, Mr. Hoffman.

HOF. You have,—*hic*; what for?

GUZ. To accompany you home when you didn't seem to be very well.

HOF. *Hic*,—you're a gentlem'n; *hic*, just do it again; you're a gentlem'n; if any body says you ain't,—*hic*, they insult me.

GUZ. This way, Mr. Hoffman; I'll walk along your way. (*He leads Hoffman along who finds it hard work to navigate.*) This way, this way, Mr. Hoffman.

HOF. *Hic*,—if I'd known you was so drunk I wouldn't have asked you,—*hic*, you're a gentleman. (*Guzzle leads off Hoffman with considerable difficulty.*)

SWIG. That's what you call a *genteel* drunk, I suppose; but for my life I can't see much difference between that and any other drunk. That Guzzle is a shrewd one, and no mistake; he understands human nater if anybody does. He knows who it will do to *hustle*, and who must be handled *easy*. He's an invaluable constable. He has learnt me all I know about the business. Now that man dressed in broadcloth, was only slightly exhilarated; but if he'd had on blue overalls and a green jacket he would have been called as drunk as a beast. Well, well; so goes the world, and one may as well be *out* of the world as out of fashion. If I continue as I am, I must be in the fashion, that is, "see everything, and say nothing." (*Looks off.*) Ah, here comes Guzzle. (*Enter Guzzle.*) Well, Guzzle, you've done your job quick. Did you see him home?

GUZ. Not a bit of it man. I took him to the next hack stand, gave the driver a dollar and told him to put him safe inside of his residence.

SWIG. And will he do it think you?

GUZ. To be sure he will, as he values my custom; I've given him several jobs of that kind, and he always keeps his word; besides I always pay him well.

SWIG. But that sort of thing seems to be money out of pocket.

GUZ. Not a bit of it; look here; (*exhibits two bank bills.*) Hoffman gave me these, and they are not the first ones he has given me for my care of him. These are the reasons I spoke of, and about which I promised to tell you.

SWIG. Ah, Guzzle, you're a deep one.

GUZ. Policy, my boy; nothing but policy; "see everything and say nothing," that's the motto. (*Hands one bill to Swigg.*) Here, Swigg, I always divide when a brother officer is with me; there's your share.

SWIG. But I have done nothing.

GUZ. That's so ; " you've *seen* everything."

SWIG. (*Pockets the bill.*) " But I am to say *nothing*."

GUZ. That is exactly it. (*Looks off.*) There is another customer.

SWIG. That ; why that's Pat McGonagle ; he's as poor as Job's cat.

GUZ. That's so ; such floating trash as that we always tuck into the lock-up.

SWIG. He's drunk too, I see. Hadn't I better take him home. ?

GUZ. Take him home ? why man, you wouldn't disgrace yourself and your office, would you ? Take him home, indeed ? No, sir, not a bit of it ; he is the kind we use to keep up appearances with. When the croakers see any of us snaking along one of these chaps, they always speak of it, telling their friends that we do our duty up to the handle. (*Enter Pat McGonagle singing.*) Say, you feller, don't make so much noise.

PAT. (*Musically drunk.*) Bless you, my darling do you call that a noise ?

GUZ. Yes, I do ; and if you ain't quiet we shall lock you up.

PAT. Would you deprive the birds of their privilege of singing ?

GUZ. You don't call *yourself* a bird I hope ; and your singing is anything but musical, let me tell you.

PAT. Wen I was in the County of Garroway in my own illegant residence, faith, all the gals for half a mile round would come out jist to hear me sing.

GUZ. They must have been pleased with a *noise* then.

PAT. Ah, bless you my darling, it's many an hour I've sung for them at a regular shindy, when they couldn't get the divil of a ghost of a fiddle. (*Commences to sing.*)

GUZ. Come, we've had enough of that, so you had better stop.

PAT. Certainly my darling, if you say so; but 'pon my soul it's mighty hard, it is.

GUZ. I tell you what it is, Mr. McGonagle, you're drunk.

PAT. The fact is, Mr. Constable, my throat was as dry as a contribution box, and I jest took the smallest drop to wet my whistle, do you see.

GUZ. You've wet your whistle too many times altogether, and you have violated the law by so doing.

PAT. Law? by my soul I thought Ameriky was a free country, and offered shelter to the oppressed; and isn't it oppressing me ye are when ye won't allow me to wet my whistle when I'm dry, and sing when I'm happy. By the big toe of St. Patrick, society is in a terrible condition.

GUZ. How so, Mr. McGonagle? what do you know about society?

PAT. Faith, more than I wish I did; society is like a game of whist in the nine holes.

GUZ. I don't see it.

PAT. In truth I do, for like a game of whist in the nine holes, *honor* goes for just nothing at all, and everything succeeds by *trick*.

GUZ. You are getting saucy, Pat.

PAT. Sure I mean nothing personal at all; but it is hard, sure when a rich man can drink as much and as often as he pleases, and a poor man hasn't the same privilege.

GUZ. Well, look here, I can't stop to talk with you; you can tell that story to the trial-justice to-morrow. Take hold the other side, Swigg, and we'll take him along. (*Both take hold of him and lead him off.*)

PAT. Is this what you call a free country, I'd like to know?

GUZ. (*Urging him forward.*) Oh, bother; stop your nonsense and come along.

PAT. Won't ye let me go home? I can walk straight you see.

GUZ. Walk? you couldn't get home in a month; no; come along with us.

(*All exit.*)

SCENE III.

A Room in the "Rising Moon" Hotel. A table with chairs, and on the wall a placard, "POSITIVELY NO LIQUORS SOLD HERE." Enter waiter with decanters of colored liquids and glasses, which he places upon table and retires.

(*Enter Edes and Sunnyside.*)

EDES. You are heartily welcome, Capt. Sunnyside; I am proud of the honor of this call. (*Both sit at the table.*)

CAPT. S. I beg you wouldn't mention it, for I assure you, Mr. Edes, there are few gentlemen for whom I entertain a higher opinion than for yourself.

EDES. Your business, Captain, must be very unpleasant, and I should suppose you would be sometimes troubled to know how to act.

CAPT. S. My duties, Mr. Edes, *are* difficult, and when I meet a friend, for whom I feel a peculiar regard, as in the case of yourself for instance, I proceed with a great deal of caution.

EDES. Your caution and fidelity, so far as *I* am concerned, are certainly worthy of the highest praise. As it is my study to follow your orders, I presume I give you very little trouble, Captain.

CAPT. S. Not the slightest in the world, sir. I can bear honorable testimony to the faithful manner in which you have ever conformed to all my wishes.

EDES. Thank you, Captain ; your commendation, sir, is reward enough for me. But come, sir, (*takes up bottle or decanter,*) I have here some superior "London Dock," and there, (*pointing to another,*) some splendid wine of the vintage of '37. Allow me. (*Pours out liquor.*)

CAPT. S. (*Looking up discovers the placard.*) I see you have the placard up here. I thought you would put it up in your office, which I believe is the modern name for bar-room.

EDES. My dear sir, I have not only put up one in my bar-room, but also in every apartment of my house in order that transient customers may know that liquors are not to be procured here.

CAPT. S. Excellent, excellent, Mr. Edes ; I could not ask for anything more. Here, sir, is to your success.—(*Both drink.*)

EDES. What gentlemen do in private, Captain Sunny-side, is no business of the public. I look upon you, sir, as sustaining two characters ; one, that of a citizen, the other, that of an officer. When you visit the house of a violator of the law, even though he be a friend, you are there upon official business, and can know neither friend nor foe ; but when you visit the house of a friend in your capacity of a citizen, as you do mine *now*, you are not upon official business, and what is done between ourselves, in our own private apartment, is the business of no one but ourselves. (*Drink both.*)

CAPT. S. Your reasoning, Mr. Edes, is perfectly correct, and I view matters in precisely that light. Nevertheless, you know many think otherwise.

EDES. Merely croakers, sir, merely croakers ; for that class it is necessary to keep up appearances. In order to satisfy them I notice you make occasional seizures ; but

they are generally made among the lower and less responsible class of dealers. (*Both drink.*)

CAPT. S. That is precisely the case. This low class of violators possess very limited means, and as to their *political* influence, it amounts to nothing at all. For them we care not a straw. But in reference to the monied and politically influential classes in the business, we deal cautiously and gently with them, for you know the time may come when we shall cease to hold office, and then the aid and influence of these men will be of the greatest importance to us.

EDES (*Both drink.*) Captain, excuse me if I give you the credit of being a far-seeing and politic man. Should such a time occur in your history I trust you will not hesitate to avail yourself of what little influence I may possess.

CAPT. S. Thank you, thank you sir ; I may need it, and if I should I feel confident that you would honor me. Allow me to drink your health. (*Both drink.*)

EDES. Allow *me*, Captain, to replenish your glass. (*Fills his glass and his own.*)

CAPT. S. A plenty, sir ; I fear I am encroaching upon your hospitality, and that I shall indulge too freely.

EDES. Not the least fear of that, Captain ; and as for the wine and brandy they are as smooth as oil. Which do you prefer of the two.

CAPT. S. Brandy is preferable to me ; but to tell you the truth. I use so little liquor that I am not at all difficult to please.

EDES. The brandy is superior, and if you will allow me to place a bottle at your disposal for family use in sickness, you will confer a favor.

CAPT. S. My dear Mr. Edes, you are very kind.

EDES. A mere trifle, sir ; I have no doubt Mrs. Sunnyside would find it very convenient, as I remarked, in case

of sickness in the family. I will order a bottle sent to your house, if it will be agreeable to you.

CAPT. S. Your favor is pressed upon me, sir, in so friendly a manner that I cannot refuse it. But time is rapidly passing, and I must leave you.

EDES. I beg you will not haste, sir, unless your business engagements are pressing.

CAPT. S. The interview has been very pleasant, and I regret to be obliged to leave so soon, but duties call me in other directions, and I shall be under the necessity of taking my leave. (*Both rise.*)

EDES. (*Filling glasses.*) Then we'll try the wine at parting. I look forward, Captain, to many similarly pleasant meetings. My respects to you, sir. (*Both drink.*)

CAPT. S. When you are in the neighborhood of my office, Mr. Edes, do me the favor to call. I rather like to have citizens meet you there, for it looks as though I performed my duties without fear or favor, which I certainly intend to do.

EDES. I'll do myself the pleasure to call whenever business leads me in your vicinity.

CAPT. S. Do so; and if at any time I should appear unfriendly,—mark me,—*appear* unfriendly, and speak as I did this morning, of course you will take no offence, but remember that it is done to keep up appearances, nothing more. With these few words I bid you good morning. (*Exit.*)

EDES. Good morning, sir. (*Comes down.*) This man will never trouble me on account of selling liquor. He is indebted to me for favors, and of course will not seek to make me his enemy. He is altogether too shrewd a man to sell a friend for the temporary inconvenience which it is in his power to inflict. Some may condemn the course I take, but I don't see why they should; for men cannot certainly call that *dishonesty* which is but worldly *policy*. Policy governs other men in their business, and *policy* governs me in mine. (*Exit.*)

SCENE IV.

A Street.

(Enter Guzzle and Swigg from opposite sides.)

GUZ. Anything up, Swigg? Any fresh orders?

SWIG. Nothing at all; "peace reigns in Warsaw," as they say. *(Beckoning Guzzle closer.)* I've got a bit of news to tell you.

GUZ. Have you though? well let's have it; anything to break up the monotony of this business, for to tell you the truth, Swigg, I am about tired of it.

SWIG. Well, as for me, I've been tired of it from the commencement. I can't get along with this two-faced kind of a life. I'm afraid of catching myself in my own trap.

GUZ. There is some danger of it if one doesn't look pretty sharp. But how about the news? what is it?

SWIG. I saw Capt. Sunnyside come out of the "Rising Moon" this morning, and as he pass'd I smelt a pretty strong odor of liquor, and I noticed his face remarkably red.

GUZ. Oh, that's nothing, my boy; he goes there often; but you know the motto,—*"see everything and say nothing; mum's the word."*

SWIG. A few minutes after the Captain left, I saw Tom, the office boy, come out with what from its shape and the cork which stuck out of the top of the paper, I took to be a bottle; but then it might be empty you know.

GUZ. *(With a knowing wink.)* Oh, of course it was empty; no liquors sold at *that* house you know.

SWIG. Well, you see, I just trudged along after Tom, and where do you think he carried it?

GUZ. As likely as not to the Captain's house.

SWIG. Precisely to that spot and nowhere else.

GUZ. That's nothing; I've seen a dozen at least carried there at different times, but what of that? "Mum's the word; see everything and say nothing;" that's the motto. (*Looks off.*) There comes our old friend, Kate Hogan; I wonder what she's up to. (*Enter Kate.*) Well, Kate, what's the news?

KATE. News? the devil a bit of news have I got at all. It's a dirty world, it is, when a poor lone widder with twins isn't allowed to make an honest living.

GUZ. Well, Kate, the law says that a woman who sells rum isn't earning an *honest* living as you call it.

KATE. To the divil wid your law; don't my betters sell it every hour in the blessed day and nobody troubles 'um at all? answer me that will ye?

GUZ. If we catch them at it we bring them up with a round turn; ha, Swigg?

SWIGG. Yes, *sir*; we do so.

KATE. And faith I'd like to know *who* you've brought up, except it's myself, a poor lone widder with twins.

GUZ. Ah, Kate, if you could only see the papers up to Captain's office you wouldn't ask. There you'd find piles of complaints.

KATE. And what the divil is all the complaints good for, packed away there? It's not a hair of the head of one of 'um you touch, except the poor folks.

GUZ. We obey orders, Kate.

KATE. Faith, I believe ye, and your orders are like the handle of a rum jug, all on one side. Well, well; thanks to St. Patrick, it's not myself that you'll be troubling any more, for I've banished all the jugs, bottles and decanters, and given it up; now, by my soul, I hope they'll let me try to get a living with my small groceries. (*Exit.*)

GUZ. Nobody will trouble you now, Kate. I tell you what it is, Swigg, that woman told a good deal of truth

These rough customers will occasionally stumble upon an argument or put a question which it is rather difficult to answer.

SWIGG. That's so. Well, I'm glad she has quit the business ; I always hated to annoy her, for she seems to be a clever old creature.

GUZ. Let me think ; I believe I have seized that woman's liquor three times, and I don't believe that in the whole put together, I got over two gallons. But I tell you what, it was wretched stuff. Well, to tell the truth I couldn't drink it.

SWIG. If you couldn't, I couldn't, and the sooner such kind of trash is put out of existence, the better, I say.

GUZ. I'll tell you what it is, Swigg, I believe after all, that a teetotalter is the safest man to be about amongst this abominable stuff that we are continually meeting with.

SWIG. So do I ; and as a proof, let me tell you that of late I have neither tasted it, nor *smelt* it only so far as I've been obliged to.

GUZ. Why, Swigg, how long have you been of this mind ?

SWIG. Oh, for some time, but I didn't like to say anything about it for fear you'd laugh at me. But I'm glad you've broke the ice, for now I've told you the whole story.

GUZ. My sentiments, Swigg, to a dot. I am of just your way of thinking, and what is more I am going to enlist.

SWIG. What, under the teetotal banner ?

GUZ. Exactly.

SWIG. Give us your hand ! I'll go with you.

GUZ. We'll shake hands on that. (*Shake hands.*) Why, only look there ! (*Both look off.*) There's Pat McGonagle coming this way.

SWIG. Yes; and what is more remarkable than that, he's sober.

GUZ. I thought that man would go over for drunk, sure. Well, Pat, you're alive yet I see. (*Enter Pat looking cheerful.*)

PAT. Faith, ye may well say that; and what's more, I mean to live and be kicking as long as I can.

GUZ. Why, Pat, when I last put you in the lockup drunk, I expected you'd go over, sure.

PAT. Ah, Mr. Constable, the best expectations fail, you know, sometimes. No, no, sir; by the blessing of St. Patrick you'll never put *me* in the lockup again.

GUZ. Why so, Pat; what's turned up?

PAT. (*Exhibits a medal hung to his neck.*) Do you see that little joker? isn't he a beauty.

GUZ. Why, that's a temperance medal. Look here, Swigg.

SWIG. That's the genuine article, Pat; I've seen them before.

PAT. Yes, *sir*; that's true blue; it's my talisman, and when I feel as though I'd like a drop of whiskey, I takes this little feller up and looks him right straight in the eye, and then I think I see him wink, and he says, "Pat, it's only the divil telling you so; you don't want a drop;" and faith, then I don't.

SWIG. That's right, Pat; hold on to the bright little fellow; he'll save you a good many dollars.

PAT. Faith, I'll do that same; "nothing but death shall part us," as the man told his wife when he was getting married.

GUZ. But tell us, Pat, how you got off from going down.

PAT. Well, you see when they locked me in the cell I felt kind o' bad like, and thought of the ould woman and

the little childers, how they'd miss me, and need the money I could be earning for 'um, so as I was looking through the iron grated door I saw a little boy in the office, and I called him and I ax'd him if he'd do me a kindness; he said he would, and I gave him ten cents, the last money I had in the world, and told him to go and fetch Father Mahoney to me. So pretty soon the priest came, and I tould him my troubles. He talked to me pretty hard, but it was for my good, so he said. He said I'd been drunk so many times he'd no heart to do anything for me; and I didn't blame him for that, for it was true. But says he, "Patrick, if you'll take the pledge and *keep* it, I'll help you." I thank'd his riverence, and tould him I would, and I knelt down on the cold brick floor of my cell, and Father Mahoney gave me the pledge and this medal.

GUZ. Pat, you've taken a noble stand, and you must never forget your oath.

PAT. That I never will, nor Father Mahoney neither, Heaven bless him.

GUZ. (*Handing Pat a bank bill.*) Here Pat, you sha'n't go home to your wife and children penniless. Take that to strengthen your good resolution; it is a great deal better than a glass of rum.

PAT. Twice as better, twice as better; my little talisman here will swear to that, and kiss the book.

SWIG. (*Hands Pat a bank bill.*) And here, Pat, is another to keep that warm. Be prudent, Pat, and remember the promise that you made Father Mahoney.

PAT. Faith, I'll do that same you may depend. I'm glad I met you, Mr. Constables, to tell you of my good luck; but I shouldn't have dared to if ye hadn't ax'd me.

GUZ. And why not, Pat?

PAT. Well, saving your presence, I always thought Constables had mighty hard hearts.

GUZ. Ah, Pat, we have softer hearts than the general ity of people imagine.

PAT. Faith, that's as true as preaching; hav'n't I the proof of it in my pocket?

SWIG. Does your wife know of your good luck?

PAT. Ah, no! the poor ould woman thinks I'm fast locked up.

GUZ. Then hurry home, Pat, and make her happy by telling her the news.

PAT. Faith, I'll do that same. Heaven bless ye gentleman for your kindness to a poor man. Pat McGonagle will never abuse your kindness. Good bye, gentlemen. *(Exit.)*

SWIG. I never gave away any money with more satisfaction in my life, than when I gave that to Pat.

GUZ. Nor I; he'll be true I think, and if he is, he'll take good care of his family, for drinking was almost his only fault.

SWIG. Well, good luck go with him with all my heart.

GUZ. So say I. Well, come Swigg, it is about the hour when we are due at the Captain's office, and we had better be moving on. We have had two pleasant instances to relieve the monotony of our business. One has given up selling, and another has taken the pledge. *(Exit both.)*

SCENE V.

Room in the Commissioner's Office. Same as Scene I.

CAPT. S. *(Seated at table, turning over papers.)* Nothing but complaints from morning till night; some I shall attend to, and some I sha'n't. Let me see. *Takes up a paper containing a list of complaints, commenting upon each.)* Here is a list of some fifty that I am expected to seize upon. "Jones," he keeps a first-class hotel; he mus'n't be touched. "Bascom," can't do anything to trouble him, for the members of the Government go there. "Tapley," he

keeps a grocery and rum shop ; I'll pitch into *him*. "McFarland," that's an Irish hole of bad repute ; seize *there*. "Edes," can't touch him ; I go there myself. "Hogan," she has given up selling. "O'Flaherty," she's a widow ; she keeps small groceries and sells rum ; I shall seize *there*. "Ferguson," he's an apothecary, and sells mixed with soda. He lets me have all my medicines and fancy articles for nothing ; 'twon't do to trouble *him*. "Jenks," he keeps an oyster and eating saloon, and supplies his customers with rum in a little back room, up one flight. He has great political influence among a large class of associates. In fact, he knows everybody, and everybody knows him. Will have to let him slide. The truth of the case is, I don't expect to remain in this office, and it won't do for me to lose his influence. (*Lays down the paper.*) And so it goes on to the end of the chapter. (*A knock.*) Come in. (*Enter Guzzle and Swigg.*) Ah, Guzzle, Swigg, you are prompt on the hour. Anything new stirring outside.

GUZ. Nothing, Captain, on my route ; Kate Hogan has given up selling.

CAPT. S. Yes, so I learn. I met her on the street and she told me so. I am glad of it ; she is poor, and seems to be an inoffensive sort of woman, and seizing comes hard upon her. But duty you know ; imperious duty.

SWIG. We sha'n't be troubled any more with Pat McGonagle, for he's taken the pledge, and I think he'll stick to it.

CAPT. S. I hope he will ; Pat is an honest, hard working man when he's sober. By the way, I have a few seizures I want you to make.

GUZ. Captain, don't you think seizing at the places kept by persons who are poor and are insignificant members of community and letting the splendid gin palaces slide, does more hurt than it does good.

CAPT. S. Well, the fact of the case is, these splendid places you refer to, are kept by men of means, and consequently they are influential : it won't do to meddle with

them. Now, you see we must keep up the *appearance* of doing something, and these *poor* devils have neither money, influence nor friends, and in seizing at their places we keep up our reputation for zeal, and nobody is hurt.

SWIG. It strikes me, Captain, that a law is of little virtue if it is not executed; and what is law for one class of citizens, ought to be law for *all*.

CAPT. S. What you say is very true, (*Rises and comes down with Swigg and Guzzle on each side*) but policy, Swigg, policy governs the world.

GUZ. In this matter, Captain, it seems to be policy and not *justice*.

SWIG. To *me*, the whole thing, as at present conducted looks very like a farce.

CAPT. S. There comes in *policy* again. Whatever may be our private opinions, policy should induce us to refrain from making these opinions public.

GUZ. That's not as good as a life insurance policy, for it will not secure a man against loss of *character*, which *should* be as dear as life.

CAPT. S. Our opinions do not differ; but so long as we remain as we are, we must be governed by that worldly policy which says "Mum's the word,—*See everything but say nothing.*"

GUZ. For my part, Captain, I am tired of *seeming* to be what I am not; and I think the sooner this farce is ended the better.

SWIG. So think I, with all my heart.

CAPT. S. Here then let it end. (*All come down front, Capt. S. between the two.*) Now, ladies and gentlemen, we throw off the mask; if we have presented you with a strong, and too highly-colored picture, attribute the fact to the *subject*, and cast no blame upon the artists.—It should be the aim of all to do what he can for the promotion of the public good, but be cautious that your efforts be not impeded, nor your influence paralyzed by being too intimately connected with **WORLDLY POLICY**.

(*Curtain.*)

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